

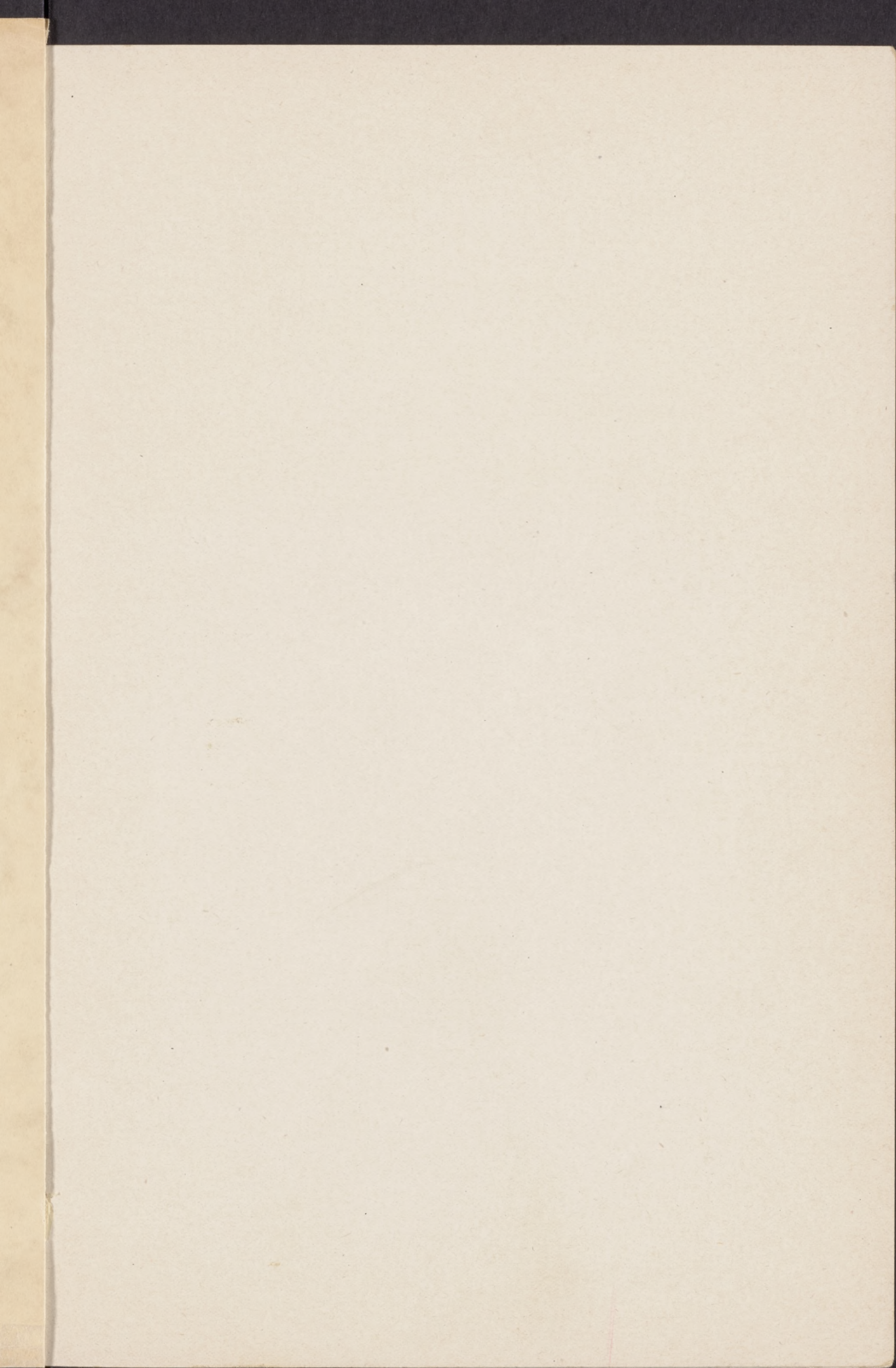
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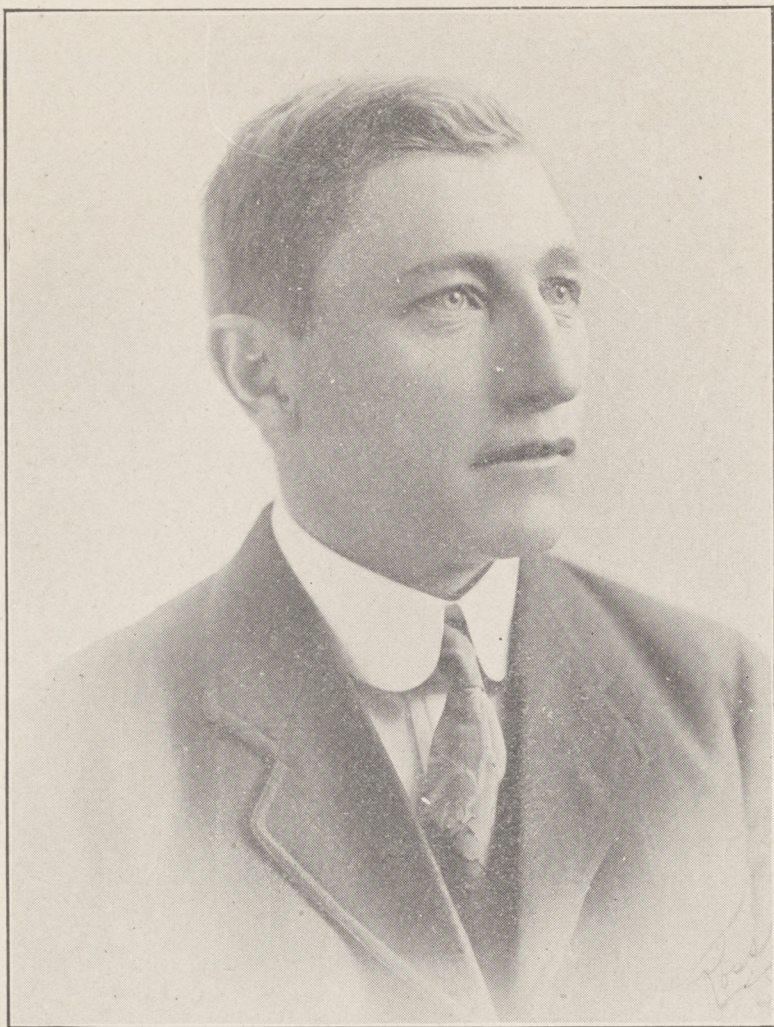
THE ECHO



CHRISTMAS NUMBER

1913

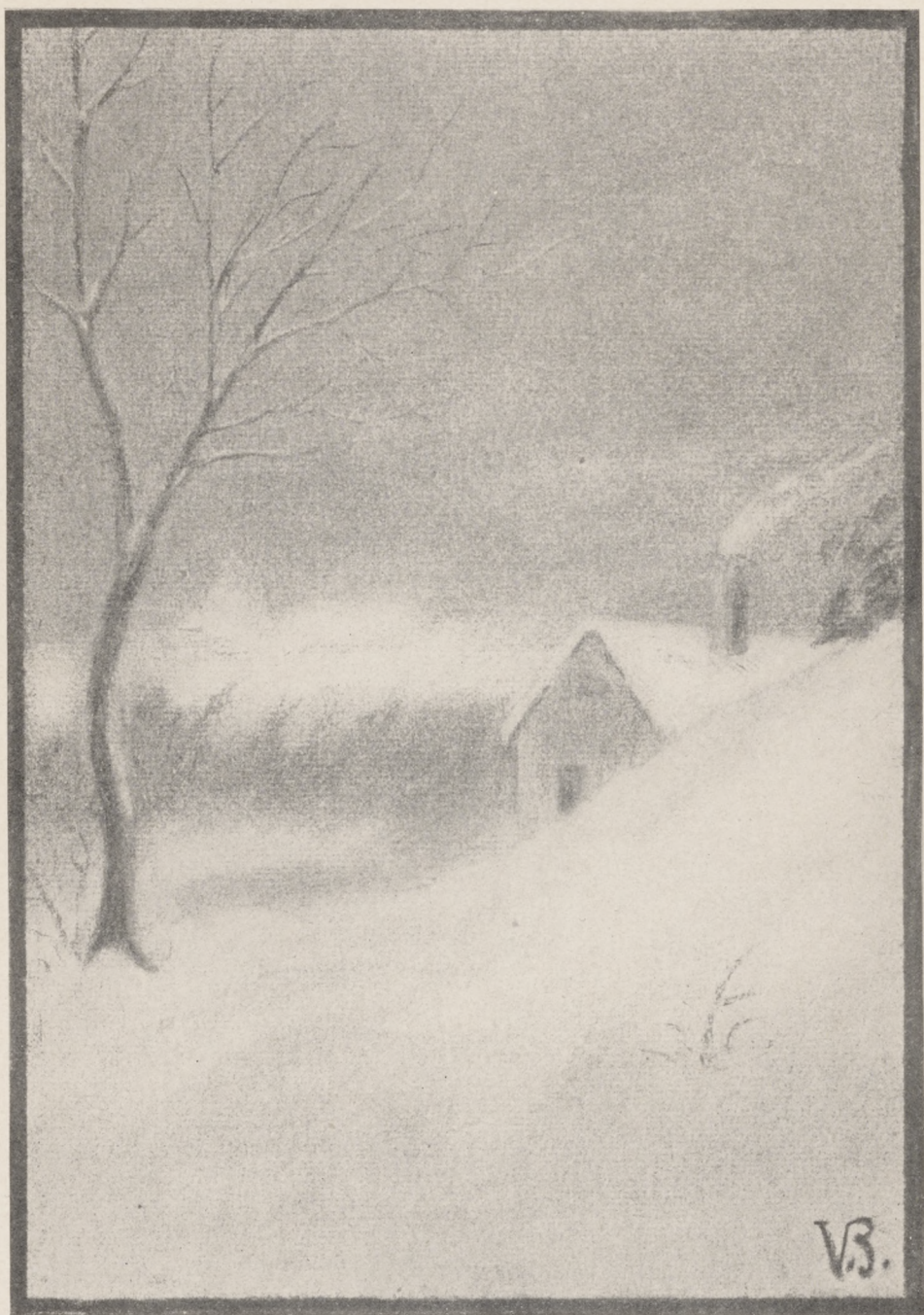




To our Principal
Mr. De Witt Montgomery
This number is dedicated with loving gratitude
by the Echo staff of 1913

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V3.



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VOL. VI.

SANTA ROSA, DECEMBER, 1913

No. 4

The Questioned Power



AND SO you do not believe in telepathy?" The question was hurled point blank at the skeptical old Colonel. The newspaper woman was facing him directly. They were well matched opponents. The members of the Christmas house party, who were lounging around the room, straightened up and moved nearer to the fire that they might hear an argument sure to be interesting.

It might almost be said that Colonel Wayte was typical of a class of men who doubt every new decree of science until the rest of the world has accepted it. Not that telepathy has been accepted. The newspaper woman was young, well educated, talented, and, from her close contact with many of the comedies and tragedies of humanity, a student of life. They were as opposite as the poles of a magnet.

"Upon what facts do you base your astounding question that such a thing as telepathy really exists? I fancy that it is merely the derangement of a mind—a condition caused by illness or nervous disorders. It may be a thing for fanciful girls to dabble with, but, I confess, a poor subject for a studious, serious minded man to study." The last word was uttered in a cynical, half amused way.

"I base my assertion upon observations made during my ten years of work as a reporter and correspondent. I have seen the power of telepathy accomplish wonderful things." Her eyes were downcast, and her face clouded for an instant. Then she raised her sad, dark eyes to the Colonel's

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face and said: "Every year I am more sure of it—more certain that there is such a thing as telepathy."

The Colonel's lip was curling, much as if he would like to say, "Bosh!" but he contented himself with: "Suppose you let us hear some of the incidents, and judge for ourselves."

"I don't like to talk about the case," she said. "It seems almost inhuman to use the affair as proof. It is Christmas Eve now, too, and there is a blizzard outside tonight, just as there was that night. But here it is:

"Two years ago I was on my home from the eastern city in which I had been doing special work. It was the day before Christmas, and the trains were crowded. Most of the faces were so happy that a downcast countenance was particularly noticable. During the day I had been watching a young man who seemed very much depressed. As the afternoon was graying into night, the car gradually emptied. I ate dinner about half past five, and as I returned from the dining car, I passed the boy. He was scowling through the window into the blackness of a stormy night. He couldn't possibly see anything, so I knew that he was thinking, and from the appearance of his face, I saw that such thoughts were not good company. The car lurched, and the sudden movement made me drop the little bag I carried. It dropped at his feet, and in the moment it took to regain it, I saw that he wore the same "frat" pin my brother did. That gave me an opening. I discovered that he was a great friend of my brother's. He told me that he had been to New York to put his mother aboard a ship for Europe, and now, after spending about a week there, he was returning to his college town.

"It is the first time I have been away from my mother, even for a night," he said. "She is my only living relative. Even when I played on the college team, she always traveled to the place in which we were to play. She rooted at games, and helped to care for wounded heroes on occasions. As you probably know, she was educated at my college; and my father until his death, was a professor there. She was always studying and writing. Lately, her eyes have troubled her a great deal. Last month our physician, a specialist, told us that she would be blind within a year, unless she would undergo an operation which he was unwilling to perform without the aid of a wonderful London eye specialist. So he has taken her to London. They thought that I should stay here until May, when I will be graduated. There is nothing that I could do for her, and he was afraid that she might lose confidence if she could talk to me about it. The day for the operation was set for January first. All day I have felt that the operation is to take place tonight. I have the most horrible premonition of a failure. I know my mother wants me. As she stood on the ship, bidding me good-bye, she looked at me for a long time and said: 'It may be the last time I will ever see your face, son—good-bye.' I may be a coward, but without her, life isn't worth the living. And if she must be blind, I would prefer to grope in darkness, too."

"He talked far into the evening. Across the aisle, a baby cried, and that diverted us. We noticed for the first time, that there was a fierce

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blizzard raging outside, and the car was rocking violently from side to side. The negro porter stood at the other end of the car, his black eyes bulging, and his whole body paralyzed with fear. The storm seemed unimportant and far away in the face of this boy's distress. The woman across from us started down the aisle toward her berth. She carried the baby in her arms, and the little girl, only a few years old, tried to follow, but the motion of the train almost threw her from her feet. I picked her up and carried her. The baby was crying, so I undressed the little girl, and stooped to tuck her in. Just then there was a horrible crash, and sound of rending timbers, and breaking of steel. I do not know what happened during the next few minutes. The first thing of which I was conscious was the cold wind in my face, and the stinging, driving sleet. My arms were bruised and aching, but they still clung to the child. The train was in darkness, and the child was sobbing softly. We seemed lodged between two objects, with the wind and the sleet blowing in through an opening somewhere. After a long time, some of the trainmen came along, flashing a lantern through the blinding storm. They extricated us with little difficulty. The car lay on its side, splintered and broken, and I saw by the fitful light, that we had been wedged between two berths. The injured were carried up to a farmhouse, a few hundred yards from the scene of the wreck. I carried the child there that she might keep warm. Here her mother was, with the baby in her arms, searching frantically for the little girl.

"Remembering the boy, and not finding him among the uninjured, I looked among the injured for him. A great long room was filled with crushed and groaning humanity. I found him in a far corner of the room. He was seriously injured, but his wounds had been hurriedly dressed. He was in a dazed condition, but partly conscious. I spoke to him. I saw his lips move, and thinking that he was speaking to me, I leaned closer, and listened. His mind had evidently never left the subject of his mother.

"My mother," he said, "was operated on, and it was of no use. She doesn't know. I wish that she would wake up and speak to me. Mother! mother! won't you speak?" For a long time he lay quietly, then suddenly he opened his eyes wide, and looked directly at me. He said, "She did speak. She said, 'O, my boy, I'll never see you here again. Good-bye! good-bye!'" Then after a long time, he spoke again very softly, "She is dead."

"When the doctor got around to him half an hour later, he looked at the boy's lifeless face, and shook his head. 'He was not hurt so badly. I thought surely he would live. It must have been his heart, poor chap!'"

"That message certainly came by telepathy, Colonel, did it not?"

"But the mother," some one asked, "did she really die that night?"

The newspaper woman looked up. "Yes, the operation was performed the day before Christmas. His mother was unconscious several hours. Then, a little before she died, she regained consciousness, and said, exactly as the boy told me, 'O, my boy, I'll never see you here again. Good-bye! good-bye! Exactly that. I figured the difference in time, and the occurrences were almost simultaneous.'"

The Dutchman's Victory



IN THE days when the country west of the Appalachians was an almost unknown wilderness, a few hardy pioneers had followed Daniel Boone over the mountains into the fertile blue grass country, which is now Kentucky, where they had established a small settlement. In the center of every wilderness community a fort was built, and a strong stockade was placed around it. Near this the men and women, who had braved the dangers of this wild country, lived on their small farms.

The greatest danger that the Kentuckians had to face, was the danger from the Indians, who were very numerous in this region. The American Indians, of each tribe, adopted the cry of some wild animal as their signal in time of war. Each tribe had its own peculiar cry and different signals, which were readily understood by its own members. The Kentucky Indians imitated the call of the wild turkey, by using a whistle made from a turkey bone.

On the Christmas eve, after the founding of the settlement, a woman went to the spring for water. Just as she was leaving the spring, she looked down and saw at her feet a turkey bone whistle. An awful fear clutched her heart. The Indians had been there. Swiftly she ran to the nearest neighbors with the news. Soon men, women and children were hurrying to the stockade. Half of the men were left to guard the fort, in case the Indians should attack it; while half went in search of the savages to drive them out of the country.

About midnight, this party, after having tramped over the hills in a vain search for the invaders, came to a deserted cabin. The Kentucky cabins were built of logs, and consisted of one room, with a loft above, which was reached by climbing up pegs fastened in the wall. The flooring of the loft was made of loose logs, which were not fastened in any way. The settlers, fearing to remain on the lower floor, climbed to the loft to rest.

Soon afterwards they were awakened by voices in the cabin. Cautiously they pushed the logs apart, and peered through the cracks. In the room below, a number of Indians had gathered, and were lighting a fire in the huge fireplace, at the end of the cabin, that they might cook some venison, which they had carried with them.

Among the settlers was a jovial little Dutchman, who, as he watched the Indians, became more and more excited, thus pushing the logs farther and farther apart. Finally in his anxiety to hear what the red men were saying, he pushed the logs so far apart that he tumbled through, shouting at the top of his voice, as he fell, "Vell boys ! here I comps !"

The Indians, astonished at the outcry, and not comprehending from whence he had come, fled in terror, with the settlers in hot pursuit.

On Christmas day, the men returned to the fort, having driven the Indians from that region, and laughingly told how the little Dutchman had won the day.

The Fortune of Misfortune



COWLING DARKLY, Tom Ritchie flung himself on a bench in the park and began thinking over his grievances. He had good reasons for feeling blue.

For the past four years he had been attending Punahou college, and together with his three chums he had planned to enter the great university at Berkeley the next fall.

He had been prominent in school and had often borne the blue and gold of Punahou to victory in the football games. A bright future in the university football had been promised him. Now all this was changed, for that morning his father had told him that his business affairs had failed and he couldn't afford to send Tom to college. Thus had his bright dreams and ambitions vanished, to be followed by the grim vision of going to work.

But the surroundings would not permit anyone to remain gloomy very long. He was in the beautiful Kapiolani park, in Waikiki, a suburb of Honolulu. On one side stood the small stone, vine-covered aquarium, and overtopping this, stood the crater Diamond Head, the "Gibraltar of the Pacific." On the other side was raised the imposing structure of the Maona hotel, with its broad walks, lawns and flowers. In front was the blue sea, extending in a semi-circle from the city to Diamond Head. Far out the white coral reef glistened in the sun. Directly in back was a small lake with beautiful lily-pads floating on the surface. Far in the rear were the tree-clad, rocky mountains of Oahu. All around were green lawns, bright flowers and palm trees, with happy people scattered about.

So no wonder Tom said, "Well, I guess I can stand it." Feeling better, he ran down to the surf, and was soon splashing in the water with the rest of the gay assemblage.

The next morning Mr. Ritchie said: "Tom, I wish you would get on your wheel and take this package over to Mr. Butler."

Mr. Butler was a business acquaintance who lived in the mountains above the orphan asylum.

"All right," replied Tom, and followed by his dog Prince, he set out.

The weather was good, the roads better, and Tom was feeling excellent. Everything was perfectly lovely until "psst,"—a puncture. With a muttered exclamation, he got off and led his wheel to one side, proceeding then on a short cut across the mountains.

While in the heart of these Waianae mountains, in an unfrequented and wild place, Tom, as he was going whistling along very unconcerned, felt the ground give way, and the next minute he and Prince were precipitated headlong into a deep cavern. It was one of those caves that had apparently been formed by the eruption of some now extinct volcano.

Dazed, he got up, and then very naturally, attempted to climb out, but without success, for each time he slid back. In his groping about the place he happened to touch some hard, round object, and wonderingly he lit a match, and saw revealed a skeleton! From the equipment and armor scattered around he judged the man to have been a soldier in the army of Kamehameha. First he decided that the place must have been a grave.

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yard, but remembering his own futile attempts to escape, he reasoned that maybe the soldier, having fallen in there and unable to get out, had starved to death. Tom pictured a similar fate for himself. He had shouted till he was hoarse, and was unable to climb out, so what course of escape was open to him?

Building a fire from some old tree leaves, he was able to survey the entire cavern.

To all appearance it was a regular prison with smooth walls. But away in the furthest corner a little niche could be discerned. Inspecting this, Tom caught the glint of some yellow color, and thrusting in his arm drew out a long cloak, or chuula. It was made entirely of feathers of the mamoo and oo birds. With fast beating heart Tom held it up and examined it. Then he let out a yell of joy.

Now formerly there existed in Hawaii two birds, the mamoo and the oo. They were very rare and are now extinct. Each of these specimens of avifauna had a tuft of about ten feathers on his breast. In the mamoo, these feathers are orange and black, and in the oo, yellow and black. The ancient Hawaiians used these feathers to make their cloaks of. There are only a few of such cloaks in existence, and those are in the Pauchi museum at Kalihi, near Honolulu. The most famous collection of feathers is the cloak of Kamehameha I, which took one hundred years to make, and its cost has been estimated at high as one million dollars. It is made from the mamoo, the rarest of Hawaiian birds.

No wonder Tom was so elated! Although his specimen was not near so good as the museum's specimen, still it would bring a fair price to its owner. Then he thought of getting out.

Prince, meanwhile, digging at a hole in one corner, had made quite a large aperture, when suddenly the side of the wall caved in and a long corridor was revealed. Then the question as to how the skeleton happened to be in the cave solved itself. This was a room dug by the priests of the ancient Hawaiian religion, and that was the skeleton of some Oahuan chieftain, and this was his burial room.

Grasping the robe, Tom felt his way down the hall, which was lined with skeletons and idols, and finally after an hour's groping, came to the entrance, a small, shallow cave in a desolate place about a mile from the scene of the mishap.

Tom delivered his package and returned home, relieving the anxiety of his father, who was beginning to wonder what had happened.

The museum authorities were glad to purchase the robe, and in a few days Tom was presented with a check of quite large dimensions. With part of the proceeds he helped set his father up in business again, and the remainder, together with what he earned that summer, sufficed to pay his way for two years in the university. By that time he hoped his father could assist him.

So two months later the liner Manchuria, for San Francisco, found Mr. Tom Ritchie a passenger, and together with him three other young men—a jolly crowd. The next week he was enrolled in the University of California—his ambition and desire fulfilled.

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A December Day

Time rolls on its ceaseless course,
The seasons swiftly come and go;
And we, with a sigh of remorse,
Greet the days of rain and snow.

The morn dawned cold and gray,
A tinge of frost was in the air.
The fair gray fields in silence lay,
The earth seemed without a worldly care.

The sun rose o'er the distant hills,
A rayless disk of gold.
But soon its rays began to spill,
And defied the breath of winter's cold.

The grass, springing from an early rain,
Sparkled with the diamond dew;
On rugged mountain and barren plain,
Were pictures of a wintry hue.

The sun, at noon, with beauty shone,
Throughout the woodland gray.
And in the dells so drear and lone,
The slanting rays found their way.

The sun sped on his heavenly race
Beneath an infinite sky of blue,
And finally, with a quickened pace,
Sank beyond the hills with a ruddy hue.

Scenes From a Jenkinsville Christmas

Scene I—The Choir Rehearsal



H, DEAR," sighed Mrs. Marshall, gazing at the rain beating against the window pane, "I do wish I didn't have to go to rehearsal today; it is such a nuisance to drive so far in such weather! But I suppose I must," and feeling somewhat like a martyr, Mrs. Marshall donned raincoat and rubbers, climbed into the family surrey, and started the long-suffering family horse on a jog-trot toward the village, where in the little country church, the vocal talent of Jenkinsville was to congregate to rehearse the Christmas anthems.

When she arrived at the church, Mrs. Marshall found the leading soprano, the organist, and one of the altos discussing the latest news around the fire.

"Why, how do you do? Mrs. Marshall. I am so glad to see you braved the storm. You live so far that we thought you would not come," said Mrs. Williams, the leading soprano.

"Yes, indeed," added Miss Graham the organist, "it is such a disagreeable day that I very nearly telephoned around to see about postponing the rehearsal, but Mrs. Larkins thought we had better have it anyway. It is very easy for her, because she lives right near the church."

"Well, I thought it my duty to come. I am sure Mr. Monroe ought to appreciate all we are doing to have some good music here for once. Here come Mr. Grey and Mr. Weyland. I do wish Mr. Grey wouldn't get so off the tune in that tenor solo. I suppose Mrs. Larkins will be about ten minutes late; it is always those who live nearest who are late," and after criticizing the other members of the choir, Mrs. Marshall distributed the hymn books around on the chairs.

The entrance of the other choir members cut short further conversation, and the vocal talent of Jenkinsville proceeded to rehearse the Christmas music, Miss Graham presiding at the organ, and Mr. Monroe, the minister, in the capacity of choir director.

"Now," directed Mr. Monroe, "we will first try the offertory anthem. We had difficulty last time with the tenor and soprano duet. Ready now, Miss Graham."

During the organ prelude, the members of the choir sat tightly grasping their books, looking as if they were ready to undertake desperate measures as soon as the word was given. At the end of the prelude they stood up, and instantly plunged into the hymn, occasionally stopping to repeat a difficult bar, about which everybody gave advice as to how it should be sung, and looked offended if the advice were not taken.

After practicing various hymns, in the progress of which were some

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very appalling discords, each member went home to entertain his or her family with a discussion about the other members of the choir.

Scene II—Christmas Shopping

Early one morning about three weeks before Christmas, the Weyland family, consisting of Mr. and Mrs. Weyland, Grace, Jack and Gertrude, packed themselves into the spacious family surrey and started off to Leroy, the county seat, to do their Christmas shopping.

When they arrived at Leroy, Mrs. Weyland said to her husband: "Now, Henry, you take the children with you while I do the shopping. I can't be bothered with them today. Be sure and don't let Jack eat too much candy, and see that Gertrude doesn't get run over, as she will surely try to do." With these parting injunctions, Mrs. Weyland consigned the children to her husband's care, a proceeding which that gentleman did not appear to fully enjoy. His reasons for his reluctance to take charge of the children may be readily seen by a little study of the children's characters. They had progressed about a block, when Gertrude darted across the street after a small dog which had won her affections, narrowly escaping being run over by a car, and causing her father to disarrange his necktie in his frantic efforts to rescue her.

"Now the show begins! Henry, old man, keep calm, this is only the beginning." While Mr. Wyland was giving himself this advice, little Jack's eye had been caught by a tempting display of candy in the window, so that youth immediately began a series of petitions, each succeeding one becoming more plaintive than the one before.

"Papa."

"Yes."

"Give me a nickel?"

"What for?"

"Candy."

"No!"

"Why?"

"Because it isn't good for you."

"Why not?"

"Because your mother said so."

The result of this dialogue was a howl from Jack, beginning with a pianissimo, and rapidly reaching a gortissimo. Just at this critical period, the exasperated father saw a friend approaching to speak with him, and being anxious to avoid attracting attention, and desirous of holding a conversation, he took the shortest route out of his difficulty.

"Here, for the welfare of the general public, is a nickel apiece. Go and buy some some candy, but don't bother me again."

Mr. Weyland now entered into a conversation with Mr. Williams, a Jenkinsville neighbor, who seemed rather worn out, like himself. "Say, Weyland," said Mr. Williams, "isn't this Christmas shopping about the worst thing you ever experienced? My wife dragged me down to Hall's

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art store to look at a brass pipe rack for my uncle, and when I tried to tell her that I didn't care what she got, she insisted that I ought to look at it myself. I am sure I don't care about what pattern she gets for Cousin Sarah's new coat, or why it is necessary for me to present a box of fifty-cent cigars to my second cousin, but I have to trot from one end of town to another, while she gets everything from a box of cigars to a box of hair-pins, and thinks it necessary to remember all our relations forty times removed."

"I agree with you there, Williams, I assure you I will be glad when noon comes, and my wife takes charge of the children. It is about time for me to meet her now, so I will be off. So long," and Mr. Weyland proceeded to the coffee club where he found his wife waiting for him, in earnest conversation with two Jenkinsville ladies, whom he recognized as members of the committee sent out by the Jenkinsville Ladies' Aid Society, to purchase presents for the Sunday School Christmas tree.

"Good afternoon Miss Graham and Mrs. Larkins. How are you getting along with your shopping?" he asked, striving to appear politely interested.

"I will never go shopping for the Ladies' Aid again, never!" declared Mrs. Larkins emphatically. "I think they might put people who had more time on the committee. It is all I can manage to get my own shopping done, and besides, everything that goes wrong is blamed on the committee."

"I think so, too," replied Miss Graham. "Last year I vowed I would never buy the presents again, but here I am doing the same thing. I am not buying the candy at MacFarland's this time, because they cheated us last year. Another thing that provokes me is the way Mrs. Brown shirks her part on the committee. She has been doing her own shopping all day and hasn't helped us a bit."

"Mrs. Brown is no good on a committee. I know, for I worked with her one year, and vowed never to do it again. How are the children progressing in the Christmas entertainment, Miss Graham? Oh, here comes Mrs. Marshall. How do you do, Mrs. Marshall, how did you come in today?" asked Mrs. Weyland, drawing up a chair for the new comer.

"Well, I didn't intend to come in at all, but Mrs. Davis asked me to come with her in her automobile, and goodness knows! I was glad enough to come," replied Mrs. Marshall, and the group began to eat their lunch, after which they sallied forth for a few hours more of shopping.

That evening about half past six the Weylands arrived in Jenkinsville, tired, cross, hungry, and bundle-laden. "Thank goodness it is over," murmured Mr. Weyland, as he unhitched the horses. "But the first thing we know, Christmas will be here again, and then we will have another similar trip. Anyway, I suppose I ought to be thankful that Christmas comes but once a year."



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CHRISTMAS: The season of joy and thanksgiving is with us with all the festivities that attend this season. The Echo wishes the Faculty, the Student Body, the Exchanges, the Advertisers, and all our friends a merry Christmas and a bright and happy New Year.

THE AMENDMENTS: There has been since the beginning of all governments times when the laws have grown cumbersome and have been outgrown by the needs of the people. The Governing Board has decided that the time has arrived when the constitution of the High School needs revision. With this end in view the Board appointed a committee to draw up some amendments to the constitution and have them ratified by the Student Body.

The first amendment proposed is one to change the school journal from a monthly magazine to a weekly newspaper. The need of a weekly paper was discussed in the November issue of The Echo.

The second amendment is to create the office of Student Manager. This

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will be a student who will take over the duties going with the financial part of the school activities. He will have charge of the sale of all tickets, the advertising and the arrangement of all games participated in by the High School teams. This office will fill a long felt want in our school. It will tend to centralize the management of school affairs and a more complete and accurate account may be rendered to the Student Body. This plan is carried out by the Universities at Berkeley and Palo Alto, and by many High Schools and Colleges throughout the State.

A third amendment will be one making the payment of Student Body dues compulsory. With the approval of the Board of Education, after a long discussion in the Governing Board it was decided to make the dues fifty cents a term, and to give the High School paper to every student. It is hoped that this plan will raise more money than the present one, as only one-third of the students pay their dues under the present plan. The dues of every student must, under the new plan, be paid some time between the date of his entrance to High School and the filing of his enrollment card in the office. If your card is not on file in the office with the O. K. of your class collector, you will not be considered a member of the High School. It may be of interest to some to note that when the question came up for discussion in the Governing Board, some of the more radical members of the Board proposed that the dues be made seventy-five cents or one dollar, as is charged in several High Schools in the State.

There will be several more amendments to come up at the next general election, but they will be of minor importance, such as a new method of recording the vote of the individual members of the Governing Board, and the amendment regarding a better way of amending the present constitution.

Students ! These amendments are of vital interest to the Student Body, and as such they deserve your most intensive study. The Echo is in favor of all the proposed measures, as we think they point to better management and government of student affairs, and as such, we earnestly request that you vote "Yes" on all the measures to come before you at the next election.

—o—

The management of The Echo takes occasion to extend its thanks to The Elite Studio and The Press Democrat for kind favors shown us during the past term. Especially are we indebted to the many merchants and friends of the school who have, by their financial support, through advertising, made the existence and success of this paper possible.

SCHOOL NOTICES

On October 1st, Dr. Luella Clay Carson of Mills College, gave us a most interesting talk on education and Mills College. It was greatly enjoyed, and aroused much enthusiasm among the pupils.

The other Friday morning programs for this month are as follows:

November 14:—

Piano Duet—Facing Visions.....Misses Green and Crane
Song—QuestionsGirls' Glee Club

November 24:—

Piano Solo—Impromptu.....Claire Coltrin
Vocal Solo—"Absent".....Eva Holland

On Wednesday afternoon, November 26th, an interesting program was rendered in the Annex. It consisted of:

Songs—The First Thanksgiving Day.

Living the Shining Sickle.

.....Annex Girls
Vocal Solo—Good Night, Little Girl, Good Night.....Helen Cochrane
Accompanist, Mrs. Mills

Songs—Lord of the Harvest.

Harvest Song.

.....Girls' Glee Club
TalkRev. C. F. Clarke

On Thanksgiving eve Fanita Jewell entertained the Junior class at her home. The early part of the evening was given over to Pantomimes and charades. Games followed, then refreshments were served, after which an informal class meeting was held, during which committees for class affairs were appointed. The evening proved a great success.

On the evening of December 5th the Senior class was entertained by Helen Geary.

DEBATING

The Santa Rosa High School debating team, composed of Leo Sullivan, James Stanislawsky and Chester Case, defeated the team of Analy High School. Santa Rosa upheld the affirmative side of the question, "Resolved, That the cities of California should adopt the Commission Form of Government. The vote of the judges was 2 to 1 in favor of the affirmative.

Governing Board Report

A special meeting of the Governing Board was held November 13th. The boys' basket ball team was given permission to play the high school basketball team of Healdsburg, the expenses to be \$1.50.

On November 22 a special meeting of the Governing Board was held. The basketball team was given permission to play the Analy High School team; expenses to be taken from gate receipts. Debating team given permission to debate with Analy. Girls' basketball team given permission to play Cloverdale team at the Annex Nov. 27; the expenses to be \$12. Football team given permission to play Mt. Tamalpais on November 28; expenses not considered.

Regular meeting of the Governing Board Nov. 25. L. Smith given permission to buy four posters at 50c. The Echo manager's report for October number was read and accepted. Boys' basketball team given permission to play town team Nov. 26. No expenses.

Mr. Smith, Mr. Chapman and Mr. Lingenfelter were appointed a committee to report to Student Body on some trifling affair of misconduct.

A regular meeting of the Governing Board was held on Dec. 2. A report was heard from committee an reform of constitution and the question of school dues. Mr. Montgomery brought up the question of having a general manager of athletics.

A motion to buy basketball shoes for the team was defeated by a vote 8 to 14. Basketball team given permission to play Petaluma; no expense.

A special meeting of the Governing Board was called Dec. 3. Football team given permission to play Napa team at Napa, Dec. 6; no expense.

The Governing Board granted the basketball "S's" to Hewitt, Meyers and Berger.

Special meeting of Governing Board Dec. 4. Girls' basketball team given permission to play the Petaluma team at the Annex December 5; expense \$3.

Regular meeting of Governing Board Dec. 9. Boys' basketball team given permission to play Cloverdale team at Santa Rosa. One-half of expenses to come from gate receipts. Girls' basketball team given permission to play St. Helena team. Expenses to be considered.

Jesse Lingenfelter was unanimously elected property man to take care of all school property.



Alumni

Robert Lockhart has a fine record at the U. C. This year he represented U. C. in the Intercollegiate game between Stanford and California. He played a fine game, being one of the stars.

Ames Peterson is at the U. C. piling up the "ones" like he did here at High.

Howard Gilkey is reflecting honor on our school by making some of the best honorary societies on the campus at U. C.

Ada Cline is another member of whom we can justly be proud, for she has had conferred upon her some of the highest honors that are given for scholarship.

Clarendon Anderson is preparing himself for a law course at U. C. He will undoubtedly be a great legal light.

Alice de Bernardi is attending Stanford.

Chester Gore is studying architecture at U. C. Chester has the making of a great architect.

Helen Fraser is attending Normal at San Jose where she is doing excellent work.

Frances Ahl, one of last year's honor graduates, is doing the same high grade work at U. C.

Alfred Shelton is working for the Goodrich Tire Company. He is still pursuing the study of Natural Science with great success.

Mildred Wadsworth is attending Normal at San Jose. She is developing a fine voice and is a popular member of her class.

Carrol McIntosh is making good on the cinder track at U. C.

Tillie de Bernardi is establishing a good scholarship record at the U. C.

Dorothy Westrup is attending the University of California. She is registered in the college of natural science.

Ben Drake is attending Stanford. He will be one of their supports in the next intercollegiate between Stanford and California.

Serena Maddux is a senior in the college of social science at U. C.

By J. Raegen Talbot, '13.

Our friend, "J. Raegan," has modestly omitted to say anything of his own college career. Together with "Judge" Anderson he is the most promising member of the California Band. They are indeed a great duo as most of you will remember from their work in the local orchestra. The old saying, "Little minds run in the same ditch," again proves itself true, both are pre-

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paring themselves for the lawyer's life. S. R. H. S. may soem day be represented on the Supreme Bench.

Victor McDaniels, '10, has donned the blue uniform of the local mail service.

Beryl LeBaron, '13, is attending the College of the Pacific.

Elsie Keller is enrolled among the students of the San Jose Normal.

Archie Hewitt, '13, is a star on the Freshman Football team of the University of Southern California.

Bill Lambert, '12, is in the real estate and insurance business in Cloverdale. His brother, Louis Lambert, is a leading lawyer of the "Orange City."

Arthur "Johnnie" England is hanging around town, occasionally engaging in the trade of a painter.

Gladys Bagley, '13, is residing in Guerneville.

Vernon King, '12, with his hammer is a promising athlete of Stanford.

Adelbert La Due is studying osteopathy in Los Angeles.

Chas. Gould is interested in the Brooks Clothing Company, where he is making his mark as a business man.

Weston Anderson, '13, is in the dental college at San Francisco.

Nan Gould is still in town.

Fred Pedersen is working for his father in the furniture store.

Ruth Thompson, '12, is an efficient clerk for Waters, the stationer.

Mrs. Hampton Walker, nee Edith Sanford, '12, is residing in Fresno.

Laverne Sutherland, a former editor of "The Echo," is residing in Ben nett Valley. He had a hair-raising encounter with a rattler some time ago.

Bernice Hocker is attending the State Normal in San Francisco.

Elmer Fresher, ex-'14, business manager of "The Echo," 1911-12, is an employe of The Press Democrat.

Stirling Coulter, '13, is spending the year in the Panama Canal Zone.

Ruth and Allison Dickson and Gladys Gilman, all '13, are attending Chico Normal.

Viola Lockhart is at U. C.

Our old friend, Mr. Chas. Searcy, is principal at Colusa.

Clyde Hudson, '10, has won the scholarship at the College of Pharmacy, and is now taking the chemistry course.

Fred McConnell is an attorney-at-law in Healdsburg.

We failed to mention the fact that Hon. J. Raegan Talbot is considered by the girl students at U. C. to be the most handsomely, charming student in the said university. (This is no joke.)

George Mallory and Clyde McCann of the Xmas, '09 Class, are on a tour around the world.

Roy Simpson, June 12, is on the faculty of Heald's Business College in San Francisco.

Nat Mallory, June, '09, is working in Richmond.

Arthur Meese, June, '13, is working in Hahman's drug store.

Ray Francisco, '09, is working in Oakland.

ATHLETICS

TRACK

This term has seen one of the most successful teams in the history of athletics. The team was practically all new material, so next term it should be a whiz. We captured the beautiful cup at Petaluma in the N. W. S. A. A. L., but we have to win twice more before it is ours for keeps. So next term let us all train hard and have the object in view of bringing it home again.

Next term there will be five meets, and keener competition, so that means harder work for us. Last term we got third out of the A. A. L., but this year let's try to win, or even clumb up a step on the ladder to second.

Chapman, Merritt and Russell are going to make some scores in the Stanford and "Big C" meets.

The members left from last term's team are Chapman, Merritt, Russell, Koford, Hewitt, Gnesa, Argyle, Robinson, Baum, Meyers, Crane, Baker and Brown. The success of the team is largely due to the earnest efforts and hard work of Coach Steele.

BOYS' BASKETBALL

The boys' basketball team journeyed to Healdsburg November 11 th and met their first and only defeat of the season, so far. The floor was slippery and the hall poorly lighted, which accounts for the defeat. On a regular court the boys would have easily defeated them.

On the 21st of November the boys took Analy into camp by a score of 57 to 17. This was the first league game and they certainly got off to a flying start. There was not a minute that the result of the game was in doubt. The boys played together exceedingly well.

Again, on December 5th, they journeyed to Petaluma and defeated them by a score of 29 to 12. The game was fast and clean, and all our boys played like veterans. This was a semi-final game, so that now it remains for them to defeat Cloverdale her on the 12th of December. The fellows are all in condition and at the top of form, and as Clocerdale has a good fast team, this should be a good game.

To date the team has played seven games, winning six of them. Their victims were Petaluma twice, Analy, Business College, Town Team and Men's Gymnasium class. Our team has made 221 points against their opponents'

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73. This is a record that not many schools can show. In fact, no team in this part of the country has a record like it.

The team is now registered in the P. A. A. league, and after the Christmas vacation will play some of the best high school teams around the bay.

The following share all the credit of the games played: C. Hewitt, (captain) H. Fry, (manager) forwards; O. Berger, center; Crane, Peterson and Meyers, guards. They are all wearing block "S's" now.

FOOTBALL TEAM

Champions of Sonoma County! That's what they are; **undisputed champions!** The team has that consolation, althouth it has not won a game, so far. Our closest score was with Mt. Tamalpais Academy on the Friday after Thanksgiving. The score was 5-3. It was a good, fast game, and exciting all the way through. They also tried Vallejo, but after the game concluded Vallejo was too strong for them. It was raining hard and the field was one big mud puddle. Indeed, the big game at Berkeley in 1912 had nothing on us. After the game their own grandmothers could not have recognized the boys. But nevertheless the boys all say they had lots of fun.

But listen ! They again challenged Napa, and were again defeated by a score of 54 to 0. There is no excuse to make except that they were too much for us. And right here let me say this much for Napa, that there is not another school its size in the State that can defeat them. Of course, they play only Rugby, which accounts for their remarkable team, but they also have the big fellows that go to make a team. This is the first year our school has played Rugby, so next year we will be heard from.

HURRAH !

Just as The Echo goes to press we received word that the Boys' Basket Ball team defeated Cloverdale by the score of 35 to 11. This decides the championship of the county, and gives us the right to play either San Rafael or Lakeport for the championship of the Northwestern Sub-League of the A. A. L.

The Santa Rosa High School girls defeated St. Helena High at St. Helena by the score of 21 to 17, in a game marred by the interference of spectators.



We are glad to see so many exchanges on our table this month. Most of our old friends are with us, besides many new ones. A pleasing feature of the exchanges this year is the marked improvement on the part of many, over their previous efforts.

The exchange that first attracts our attention is the *Nautilus*, from Santa Monica, Cal. You are excellent; the best exchange we have received this term. All your ideas of arrangement are original—to us at least—and your numerous cuts are carefully worked out so that they present a finished appearance, a very essential point which many high school journals seem to lack.

From Napa High comes the *Napanee*, a very neat magazine with an excellent cover. We look with admiration upon your famous aggregation of Rugby stars, who caused our football heroes to bite the dust.

The Anvil, Painesville, Ohio: Your arrangement is not good, and you have detracted much from your appearance by cutting up your editorial and placing a portion of it in your school notes. We are inclined to believe that school papers which have so few cuts as yours could easily get along without putting ads in the front end of your book covers.

The Red and Black, Tampa, Florida: Your editorial is excellent and would undoubtedly benefit many students if they would follow out its teachings. We also admire your business manager, for he has ads in excess to the other material of the book.

Unneedme, Madisonville High School, Cincinnati, Ohio: Your arrangement is good, but a table of contents would be a great improvement to your book.

The Budget, Lawrence, Kansas: By confining your ads to the back of your book and adding some cuts to your departments you would be a dandy little paper. Come again, **Budget**.

The Columbia News, Columbia Grammar School, West 93d street, New York City: You have a paper that would make a great many high school journals ashamed of themselves. Your arrangement is excellent and we find many interesting topics in your columns.

The Progress, Washington, Union High, Easton, Cal.: Your cuts are not up to the standard. We think it is the grade of ink that makes them so indistinct. Otherwise your paper is good.

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The Toltec, Durango, Cal.: You can surely afford to change covers once in a decade. We fully realize that your cover is good, but would suggest that you try something new.

The Aurora, Anderson, Shasta Co., Cal.: Your material is good, but carelessness on the part of the printer has detracted much from your appearance.

The Quiver, Marion, Ohio: We experienced considerable difficulty in finding your table of contents, as we usually refrain from looking at any contain ads in the front of your book. Your stories are good and your jokes original.

High School Life, Warren, Ohio: Your material is good, but your size is clumsy for a high school paper. We would suggest that exchanges be given a more conspicuous place.

The Academe, North Adams, Mass.: You contain much good material, but by using the following arrangement your appearance would be improved: First, Table of Contents, Literary Material, Editorial, School Notes, Athletics, Exchanges, etc., and lastly the jokes.

The Scarlet and Gray, Nelsonville, Ohio: Your cover is good, but we grew weary turning pages of ads before we came to your literary department. A few more cuts for your department headings would add to your appearance.

Rayen Record, Youngstown, Ohio: We are surprised by the marked improvement shown over previous issues. By cutting out your front pages of ads you would be an excellent magazine.

The Commerce Journal, 155 West 65th St., New York: We are glad to welcome you to our lists. Your material is full of life and your cartoons are snappy, but you follow the same policy of many of our Eastern friends, putting ads in the front of your book.

The Oahuan, Honolulu, Hawaii: Your football number is very good. We think that you show improvement over your previous numbers.

The Cascade, Seattle, Wash., October and November numbers: Your cover on the October number is very good, but we would suggest larger type for the inside of your book. We find that you as well as numerous other excellent school magazines mar your appearance by putting ads in the front

The Elk, Elk Grove: Your paper is above the usual standard of high school magazines. Our only suggestion is, do not use two sizes of type in your book. Come again **Elk**.

The Oak, Washington Lower High, Berkeley, Cal.: We are specially interested in you because you print your own paper. Your material is good and we find fewer typographical errors in it than in many other papers which are printed by skilled workmen. Come again **Oak**.

.... We appreciate the receipt of the following weeklys and bi-weeklys. We will not offer any criticisms, as we are contemplating one ourselves. We will be very glad to exchange with all weeklys.

The Bulletin, Oakland, Cal.; **High School News**, Visalia, Cal; **The O. A. C. Barometer**, Corvallis, Oregon; **The Park Stylus** Parksville, Missouri;

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High School Weekly, Bakersfield, Cal.; **The Scoop**, Belvedere, Ill.; **The Academy**, Morgan Park, Ill.

Delphic Echoes, Dinuba, Cal.: You have a dandy paper. Your stories are good and your cuts clever, but we think that a table of contents would improve your appearance.

The Adjutant, Mt. Tamalpais: You have a good little paper. We are especially interested in you as one of our former students is now serving as business manager.

The Mercury, Milwaukee, Wis., East Division: Your cover is exremely good and your arrangement is above the average, but the ads in the front mar your appearance.

The Kodak, Everett, Wash.: Your numerous departments are all well taken care of, and we enjoy you more because we find ads neither in front or back, a long step in the advancement of high school journals.

Nesika Wa Wa, Daytn, Wash.: We do not consider you up to the standard of high school papers. You have marred your appearance in every possible way; by placing the contents on the outside cover, when there is a blank page, where the contents should be. We do not understand why you should leave pages blank in the back and put ads on the front cover. We enjoyed reading your short stories.

The Blue Owl, Attelboro, Mass.: You are up to your usual standard, but we would suggest that you secure a few more cuts.

The Poly High, Los Angeles: You are a dandy little paper. Your cuts are all good. We wish you luck with your weekly. Santa Rosa High is thinking of starting a wekly at the beginning of the new term.

The Lewis and Clark Journal, Spokane, Wash.: Your literary department is one of the best that we have found this term. In fact, we find nothing to criticise, with the exception of the arrangement. The ads belong in the back of the book and editorials should follow your literary department.

The Signal, Sisterville, W. Va.: Your appearance would be benefited by using larger faced type. We see a marked improvement over previous numbers. Come again **Signal**.

JOKES



Short Poem

Lad, lass
Cut class
No pass.—Ex.

* * * * *

If water makes milk thin what
make gas-so-line?

* * * * *

Mr. Jewell—How is it? I find
you kissing my daughter. How is it?

E. Rogers—Fine, sir; fine.

* * * * *

Mary B.—Do you love art?

Alice S.—I beg your pardon; his
name is Arthur.

* * * * *

D. P. (as Salem Pohlman passes)
—There goes the most talked of
fellow in this school.

W. H.—You surprise me. Who
talks about him?

D. P.—He does.

* * * * *

Small Boy (to butcher)—Say,
that man just ran off with a bunch
of your sausages.

“Dog gone!” ejaculated the
butcher.

* * * * *

A Toast to the Assistant Josh
Editor:

“May he live to be as old as his
jokes!”

Nice old lady—My stars! a nice,
fat little boy like you should not
be crying!”

The kid—That ain’t fat, lady,
that’s bananas,

* * * * *

O. S.—He was the goal of my
ambition, but—

C. K.—But what?

O. S.—Father kicked the goal.”

* * * * *

He—Why do you use paint?

She—For the same reason you
put rosin on your violin.

He—Why, how is that?

She—To draw my beaux.

* * * * *

“Pa, what is a matrimonial bu-
reau?”

“It is a bureau where six draw-
ers are packed full of women’s fix-
in’s and one man’s necktie.”

* * * * *

Preacher—Is this your birthday?

Willie—No, sir, I was born the
second.

Preacher—Of what?

Willie—Triplets.

* * * * *

F. H.—Why don’t you take your
eye off that woman in the first box?

H. W.—Because I think she
should have something on her.

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Minister (new ordained, preaching his first sermon)—“I come here to heal the dead, cast out the sick, and raise the devil.”

* * * * *

“Whats the diference between a Jew and a banana?”

“Dunno.”

“Yon can skin a banana.”

* * * * *

A farmer was trying to sell a horse which had the heaves.

“Hasn't he a fine coat?” he asked the prospective buyer.

“His coat is all right, but I don't like his pants,” was the reply.

* * * * *

I'd like to be the cigarette,

In some fair damsel's hand,

For everytime she takes a puff,

Um—m—m—you understand.

* * * * *

Coleman—Good morning ! You're looking prosperous; did you get a raise?

Casey—Yep; held four aces and Bill raised me.

* * * * *

Miss Wirt—You're the imitation of a first-class nut.

Watson—I want you to clearly understand I'm no imitation.

* * * * *

“Wilson was killed by a falling stone.”

“Strange! I heard he was rocked to sleep.”

* * * * *

Hatch—How did you get that Carnegie medal?

Otto B.—Heroism. I took it from a fellow who was twice my size.

* * * * *

“He tried to kiss me on the ear.”

“I hope you told him you wouldn't listen to such a thing.”

Football

(Dedicated to H. Watson)

After the game is over,

After the field is clear;

Straighten my nose and shoulder,

And help me to find my ear.

* * * * *

Little Willie;

Pair of skates;

Hole in ice,

Golden gates.

* * * * *

Abe C.—I'm a lemon squeezer.

Fern H.—I'm a lemon.

* * * * *

Miss Crane—Do all animals show affection towards man?

C. Hewitt—Some do.

Teacher—Good; name one.

C. Hewitt—Woman.

* * * * *

Miss Smith in Physics—Freyman, define steam.

F. Coleman—It's water crazy with the heat.

* * * * *

Arthur Farnlof

“Young man,” his teacher said to him,

“Your laugh is like a horses song,

But you are not a horse, my lad,

Your ears are far too long.”

* * * * *

A Musical Ditty

It was a music teacher bold, who loved a fair young maid,

And when to her his love was told, something like this he said:

“Light of my SOL; my life's bright RE, I love you near and FA.

The maid turned her head away and gently whispered, “LA,

Such flighty nonsense doesn't go; you're not the man for ME,

I want a man who has the DO, so you're not in it, SI.”

THE ECHO

From the "Foolish Dictionary"

Den—A cavity.

Dent—To punch.

Dentist—One who punches the face and fills cavities.

Dust—Mud with the juice squeezed out.

Fame—Having a brand of cigars named after you.

Flue—An escape for hot air.

Fluency—The art of releasing the same.

Hug—A rounabout way of expressing affection.

Miracle—A woman who won't talk.

Oar—A popular device for catching crabs.

Pants—Towser's country cousins.

* * * * *

Wanted

A new term for "The talking will please cease."

Mr. Brownscomb says, "When you have an idea, stick to it." Wanted an idea geometry student.

A school bell that rings at nine o'clock—Student Body.

Some physiology sharks.—Miss Mailer.

School spirit—Various students in this instance, wanted is used in its true sense, that of needed.

Some fiery steeds for the Junior class.

A tonic—Fat Poole.

* * * * *

Chop H.—Of course we must admit that the kiss is a detail in love-making.

Irene C.—My kisses are not details; they are events.

Jesse—Do you know anything about golf?

Lola—Absolutely nothing; I wouldn't even know how to hold my caddy properly.

* * * * *

Story Endings

With a sob she fell into his arms.

Gritting his teeth he strode into the night, alone.

The wind whistled overhead, but the stark figure with the knife in its breast did not stir.

"It's a boy," said the old family doctor.

* * * * *

H. R.—Have you seen the latest things in dresses.

H. N.—Oh, no! What are they?

H. R.—"Night dresses."

* * * * *

Probably

"Johnnie, what are you going to do with that mouse?"

"Give it to teacher."

"Why, she doesn't want it."

"Oh, she'll jump at it."—Ex.

* * * * *

Marion B. (Freshie in Hist.)—Were all these great artists men?

Miss Wylie—Yes.

M. B.—It's changed a good deal then, hasn't it? The women do all the painting now-a-days.

* * * * *

Paul W. (translating)—Nata dea, (meaning "goddess borne")—"Swim, goddess, swim."

* * * * *

Miss Wylie—James, what is the longest sentence.

James S.—Sentenced for life.

THE ECHO

"Trouble, trouble, toil and trouble,"
Said old Julius Caesar as he shaved his stubble;
"They said the best was a safety Gillette,
But I've cut myself fifteen times and I'm not shaved ye

"The die is cast," he said at last,
As once again his face he slashed;
But worse and worse hid old Jule holler,
Till he split the back of his Sunday collar.

Just then he heard an awful roar,
And Ariovistus entered the door;
The razor bounced back with a fearful queck,
And laid the old Gaul out on his back.

"I've killed him dead, or I'll be bound,"
Said Caesar as he tore his old nightgown;
"And whether the weather be dry or wet,
I'll always use a safety Gillette."

Now don't all speak at once,
If this poem, you do not like.
For if you would not be a dunce,
You must lis'n to these "three points" of mine.
The first, though simple, must be observed,
So "answer present," if you please,
And do not hang 'round Annex doors.
For a certain teacher does not like
Those bothersome, "troubelsome High School boys."
And do not whisper, or you will get
A black mark on a card, pure white.
Be sure and read, and do you're German,
For "naughty, naughty," if you don't.
In short hand, try to be a sage,
"Some day you'll be a court reporter."
Now, if you're good, so'll you will be told.
But if you're bad, sh'll be as bold,
And when you've got you're work all done,
You'll see a sign, 'twill make you sigh:
"All Echo material due."

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How He Used Them

"Did you kill the moths with the moth balls I recommended?" asked the druggist.

"No, I didn't," said the customer angrily. "I sat up all night and didn't hit a single moth."

* * * * *

Figures and Lies

An old darky was convinced that a bill rendered him by his butcher was not correct. He complained to the butcher who said: "Sam, figures don't lie."

"Ah knows dat," said Sam, "but liars do figger."

* * * * *

"I'm afraid these boiled eggs aint very fresh."

"Write the name 'Lola' on one of them," suggested the head waiter. "Young Lingenfelter is romantic, and that will distract his attention if the eggs are not so good."

* * * * *

Wasn't Overcome

Jones met his neighbor, Smith. "You were shooting this morning?" asked Smith.

"Yes, I had to kill my dog," answered Jones.

"Was he mad?" asked Smith.

"Well, said Jones, "he didn't seem any too well pleased."

Doctor (after football game)—Case, I fear you have broken your radius.

Wing—Jimminy! I feel as if I had broken my whole circumference.

* * * * *

Freshie—Will you please tell me where room 5 is?

Soph.—Sure, it's up stairs in the basement.

* * * * *

Russell (to Hewitt)—Stop kicking that football around. If you break a window light you'll have to pay for it.

Hewitt—That expense would be very light.

* * * * *

Lingenfelter—I think there's a hack in your razor.

Barber—Well, did you expect to find an automobile?

* * * * *

"Johnnie," asked his teacher, "can you give us a sentence, using the word 'income' in it?" Johnny hesitated a moment; then, "Yes'um," replied, "The boy opened the door and in come a cat."

* * * * *

Miss Wirt—Chauncey, how many times do I have to speak to you?

Chau. P. (drowsily)—Once more.

Oh, Dick was a sweet little cupid,
Dressed up in a bright red dress.
Ruth's pink socks adorned his feet—
He cut a cute figure, or I'll be blest.
He wore a plume in his curly hair.
Tell who he was? I'll let you guess.
But I will tell you, so you'll beware,
He broke many hearts on a Wednesday night.
Oh, Cupid, Cupid, he catch you, I'll swear.

THE ECHO

Pretty Close

Entzminger—How near were you to the right answer to the fifth question?

Hefty—Two seats away.

* * * * *

John R. wonders if Lamb would howl if you'd step on one of his Tales.

* * * * *

Jesse L.—I see you're not on to the Peterson joke.

Frey C.—Gee! no, it would bust down if I got onto it.

* * * * *

Chapman, to Dutch rancher—What did you do with that crop of small prunes you had?

Rancher—Val, I calcate I'll sugar coat 'em and sell 'em for pills.

* * * * *

Mrs. Adams—Lester, chewing gum again?

Lester S.—Yes, mam.

Mrs. A.—Throw it under the desk then, nobody'll step on it.

Lester— I can't, I swallowed it.

Mrs. A.—Well, I hope you haven't got a string on it, have you?

* * * * *

Esther S. (Algebra 11a) explaining example.

Miss Smith—Is that right, Will?

Bill M.—Yes.

Miss S.—She hasn't even explained it yet.

* * * * *

Little Freshie—If pa were to die, Ma, would he go to heaven.

Ma—Hush, hush, George, who has been putting such ridiculous thoughts into your head.

Football in Shakespeare

"Down! Down!"—Henry VI.

"Well placed."—Henry V.

"An excellent pass."—The Tempest.

"A touch, a touch, I do confess."—Hamlet.

"I do command you to their backs."—Macbeth.

"More rushes! More rushes!"—Henry IV.

"Pell mell, down with them!"—Love's Labor Lost.

"This shouldering of each other."—Henry IV.

"Being down I have the placing."—Cymbeline.

"Let him not pass, but kill him rather."—Othello.

"'Tis sport to maul a runner."—Anthony and Cleopatra.

"I'll catch it ere it comes to ground."—Macbeth.

"We must have bloody noses and cracked crowns."—Henry IV.

"Worthy sir, thou bleedest; thy exercise hath been too violent."—Coriolanus.

"It's the first time I ever heard that breaking of ribs was sport."—As You Like It.

—Ex.

* * * * *

Notice

November 29 was my seventeenth birthday. Mr. Blosser is my agent. I am making this public announcement because Margaret did so well with her's.—May Hodgson.

* * * * *

Vernon R.—Say, where is the best place to hold the world's fair?"

Florence C.—Around the waist, of course.

Chap about to wed was nervous.
To the best man he cried:
"Tell me is it kisstomary
For the groom to cuss the bride?"

* * * * *

(Eng. 10b)—Clyde Stuart reacting a speech of Antonios from Shakespeare.

Miss O'Meara—Who said that, Clyde?

Clyde—Me!

* * * * *

(Stenography 9a.)—Jack J has a strange influence over Merle. He keeps her moving.

* * * * *

Erle is very polite to Miss O'Meara, he says, "Yes, ma'am."

* * * * *

Bill Wylie—I didn't know it was thundering.

Fat Pool—It isn't; that's only Entzminger showing his school spirit.

Framed Pictures and Kodaks as Gifts

It is advantageous to make selections early, and even to order frames for pictures you already have

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[Page thirty-five]

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What is harder to get than lessons?—Jokes.

* * * * *

Miss O'Meara—Dan, read your paper.

Dan—I haven't any.

Miss O'M.—Do you know you received "F" yesterday.

Paul W.—Gee whiz," there is somebody running opposition to me.

McPeak—What is the matter with West? I see he has his head bandaged.

Entzminger—Reckless driving.

McPeak—Horse?

Entzminger—No; nail.

* * * * *

(Physiol.)—Miss Mailer says the ear-like flaps on the heart are auricles.

Wonder if they can hear?

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[Page Thirty-six]

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[Page Thirty-nine]



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*At the lowest prices in
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Cotton—Say, Brick, do you know
what the Board of Education is?

Brick Lambert—Sure I do. It's
Monte's shingle."

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Second Freshie—Because it is
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[Page forty]

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[Page Forty-one]

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T e l e p h o n e 3 3

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DRUG STORE**

*Fine Perfumes and
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Mary B.—I think that Merton is the nice t boy under the sun.

Alice S—Oh, he is much nicer under the moon.

* * * * *

Mr. Steele (History)—When did Caesar first go to Ireland?

McPeak—When he crossed the Thyme and then went back to Bridget (bridge it.)

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[Page Forty-two]

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There is a professor named Steele,
Who can from his yellow notes
reel

History by the yard,
Both ancient and modern,
Oh, if we were only as brilliant as
Steele.

* * * * *

Miss Crane—What is the hottest
part of a Bunsen flame?

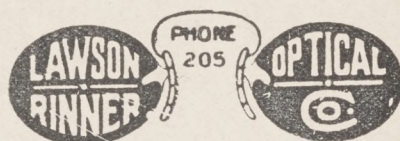
Helen G.—The top of the cone.

M. C.—What cone?

H. G.—Ice cream cone.

Carl P.—Believe me, early to bed
and early to rise makes you healthy,
wealthy and wise.

Harold P.—Maybe healthy and
wealthy, but if I'd gone to bed early
there'd have been a lot of things I
wouldn't have been wise to.



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WHY NOT?

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[Page Forty-three]

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Miss Crane (in Chem)—Jesse,
what is it you always treat with a
phosphate?

Jesse L.—Lola Boyes.

Miss O'Meara (Eng. 11a)—Fred,
why do we celebrate the last Thurs-
day in November?

Fred H.—'Cause there ain't no
school.

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* * * * *

Let speedo-meet-er on the High,
Says Mrs. Limosene,
And if she's tired, then on his arm
We'll let our Gasolene.

* * * * *

She—Do you believe in sports for
girls?

He—Surely. Every girl should
have one.

* * * * *

Vernon R.—You can't take a
joke.

Florence C.—I took one when I
got you."

* * * * *

Mrs. R.—Did you tell God you
had been a bad girl?

Marie R.—No; but I told Mrs.
God, and it must be all over heaven
by now.

EDWARDS' PALACE OF SWEETS—"THAT GOOD ICE CREAM"—619 FOURTH ST.

[Page Forty-seven]

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Given: A poor lesson.
To prove: A poor lesson is better than a good lesson.
Proof: A poor lesson is better than nothing.
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[Page Forty-eight]

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* * * * *

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When an innocent boy
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He answered one word—it was
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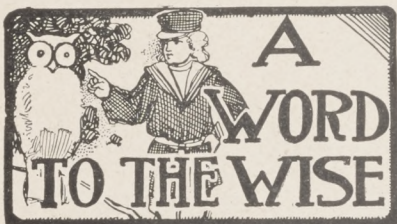
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Teacher—Can you give me the plural of Forget-me-not?

Little Boy (positively)—Forget-us-not.

* * * * *

L. Crane—I think I'll take a stroll in the woods, what do you say?

Mary B.—Sure; go ahead.

Abe C.—Take he seriously, or I'll blow my brains out.

Fern H.—That would be a good joke on dad, he says you haven't any.

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E. Hendren—Ever read "Looking Backward?"

I. Campbell—Yes, once in an exam. and got glommed for it.

* * * * *

Found in Will Morrow's diary—The young man who wants to get up with the sun, must not sit up late with the daughter.

* * * * *

Mrs. Adams to Mallory—West, what have you got in your mouth?
West—Tongue and teeth.

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**Suits and o'coats
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[Page Fifty-one]

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OUR PROMPT AND POLITE SERVICE
WILL MANIFEST US RIGHTLY

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Brownscorn didn't snort?
Chapman didn't rave at the Gov-
erning Board?
Merritt was smooth shaved?
Pool wore tights?
The tardy roll was suddenly
abolished?
McPeak was not the fashion-
plate of the school.
The Football Team was defeated?

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WHO IS HE?

"Last year I did not want to embrace my best girl to make her propose to me, so I asked her to be my wife, and she said, 'I would rather be excused,' and I, like an idiot, excused her. But I got even with the girl, I married her mother. Now I don't know who I am.

"When I married the girl's mother, the girl became my daughter, and when my father married my daughter, he is my son. When my father married my daughter, she was my mother. If my father is my son, and my daughter is my mother, who in the thunder am I? My mother's mother (who is my wife) must be my grandmother, and I being my grandmother's husband, am my own grandfather."—Ex.

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[Page fifty-three]

CAMPAU'S

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Baskets

Pictures

Picture Framing

405 Mendocino Street

Phone 990

Miss Crane (Physiography)—
What is a pond?

Coleman—A stream entirely sur-
rounded by land.

* * * * *

Mr. Steele—Have any of you boys
a quarter?

J. Melvin—I have.

* * * * *

B. Oldham—I don't like Caesar.

D. Percy—Why not?

B. O.—Too much Gaul.

Marlatt's Cyclery

Santa Rosa's Best

Now located at 535 Fifth Street
Next to Republican Office

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**Have you tried Club House Sundae ?
It is the best now.**

For Candies in Fancy Xmas boxes

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420-422 FOURTH ST. SANTA ROSA

LISTEN!

*Do You Fellows Know that the Biggest Stock of Mens Clothes,
Furnishings, Etc., in Sonoma County is at*

THE WHITE HOUSE

EDWARDS' PALACE OF SWEETS—"THAT GOOD ICE CREAM"—619 FOURTH ST.

The Echo's Advertising Directory

So Far as Possible Patronize Those Who Have so Heartily
Patronized Us

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>ART GOODS—
Bruner's
Campau's</p> <p>BANKING—
National & Union Trust Sav'gs Bank
Santa Rosa Bank
Savings Bank</p> <p>BARBERS—
Spooncer Bros.' Barber Shop
Union Trust Barber Shop</p> <p>BAKERIES—
American</p> <p>COLLEGES AND SCHOOLS—
Sweet's Santa Rosa Business College
McMeans' Santa Rosa Normal School</p> <p>CYCLERIES AND GARAGES—
Boulevard Garage
Goodrich & Roy
Marlatt's Cyclery
Schelling's Garage</p> <p>CANDIES—
Edwards' Palace of Sweets
Greek-American Candy Kitchen
McKinney's
Jacobs'
Salisbury's</p> <p>CLEANING AND DYEING—
Crystal Cleaning & Dyeing Works
New Method Cleaners</p> <p>CLOTHIERS—
Brooks Clothing Co.
Hodgson-Henderson Co.
Keegan Bros.
The White House</p> <p>COFFEE AND CROCKERY—
Enterprise Coffee & Crockery Store</p> <p>CREAMERIES—
Rushmore's Creamerie</p> <p>DENTISTS AND DOCTORS—
D. P. Anderson
R. M. Bonar
J. W. Cline
E. H. Crawford
V. Hoffer
Allen R. Howard
D. H. Leppo
P. A. Meneray
Jas. H. McLeod
F. O. Pryor
G. W. Rankin
Reed & McGaughey
Jackson Temple
S. I. Wyland
Zimmerman & Gardiner</p> <p>DRUGGISTS—
Eugene C. Farmer
Juell's Drug Store
G. M. Luttrell
St. Rose Drug Store</p> <p>ENGRAVING—
University Engraving Co.</p> <p>FURNITURE—
O'Connor's
McKinney & Titus
Schulze's Furniture Store
Santa Rosa Furniture Co.</p> | <p>FLORIST—
Fred Grohe</p> <p>FUNERAL DIRECTORS—
C. & F. Welti</p> <p>FLOUR MILLS—
Santa Rosa Flour Mills Co.</p> <p>GROCERS—
H. C. Coltrin
Allen's Grocery
N. Bacigalupi & Son
W. W. Carroll
Roof Bros.
Kopf & Donovan
F. J. Pool.</p> <p>HAIR DRESSING—
Elite Hair Dressing Parlors.</p> <p>HOSPITALS AND SANITARIUMS—
Mary Jesse Hospital
Katherine Sanitarium</p> <p>HARDWARE—
Dixon & Elliott
J. C. Mailer Hardware Co.
Ketterlin Bros.
J. H. Potter Hardware Co.</p> <p>JEWELERS—
John Hood
E. R. Sawyer</p> <p>LAUNDRIES—
Wet Wash
Pioneer</p> <p>LUMBER DEALERS—
F. Berka
J. P. Fitts</p> <p>MEATS—
Noonan Meat Co.</p> <p>MILLINERY—
Misses Lambert</p> <p>MUSIC INSTRUCTOR—
Mrs. M. E. Walk</p> <p>OPTICIANS—
Lawson-Rinner Optical Co.</p> <p>OILS—
Independent Oil Co.</p> <p>PHOTOGRAPHERS—
Elite Studio</p> <p>PRINTERS AND BINDERS—
The Press Democrat</p> <p>RESTAURANTS—
Bianchi Bros.
Santa Rosa Coffee Club
State Highway Cafe</p> <p>STATIONERS—
W. S. Hosmer & Son
H. J. Waters
C. A. Wright Stationery Co.</p> <p>SODA WORKS—
Santa Rosa Bottling Works</p> <p>SHOE STORES AND SHOPS—
Butler's Shoe Shop
Healey Shoe Co.
R. C. Moody & Son</p> <p>THEATRES—
The Rose</p> <p>VAN AND STORAGE—
Lee Bros.' Van & Storage Co.</p> |
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EDWARDS' PALACE OF SWEETS—"THAT GOOD ICE CREAM"—619 FOURTH ST.

Phone 734R

AMERICAN BAKERY

P. MOORE, Prop.

High Grade Cakes, Pies,
Pastry

208-210 Fourth Street

Santa Rosa

Bianchi Bros. RESTAURANT

Occidental Block

SANTA ROSA

CALIFORNIA

SAVINGS BANK of Santa Rosa

A General Commercial and Savings
Business Transacted

C. A. HOFFER J. P. OVERTON
Cashier President

Patronize Echo Advertisers

Some of our more sober and serious students have often been heard to say, "How can people be so foolish? How can they laugh and giggle so constantly, with so little to laugh about." After much careful research and deep thought have discovered that the people who laugh most, are those that are most familiar with the route to their funny bone. This is not by knocking your elbow sharply against the table, for this jars its sense of humor, and it is very liable to loose its temper and call you crazy. In return you call it "crazy bone," but the best and most traveled way is to "laugh in one's sleeve."

Pianos and Furniture Carefully Handled
Baggage Called for
Dealers in Stove, Distillate and Fuel Oil
W. H. Lee C. E. Lee F. M. Cooper

LEE BROTHERS'

VAN AND STORAGE COMPANY

The Only Concrete Warehouse in
Santa Rosa

Agents for Standard Oil Company
Tel. Santa Rosa 60 Santa Rosa

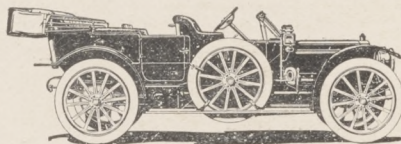
If you live out of town send us
your laundry by
parcel post

Our work and service
are guaranteed

Santa Rosa Pioneer Laundry Co.

FOURTH STREET

AUTOMOBILES, BICYCLES
SPORTING GOODS



SCHELLING'S GARAGE

Kopf & Donovan

Wholesale and
Retail Grocers

SANTA ROSA

CALIFORNIA

Salisbury's

Fine Candies
Ice Cream

Try Our Luncheonette

416 Fourth St.

Santa Rosa

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